any demonstrated competence was Paul Young, who declares in the first few moments with a visitor that "Mr. Hoover was the greatest living American of our time." Young's climb up the administrative ladder was not all that fast. As a nonoutdoorsman he was miserable during a three-and-a-half-year stint as assistant-special-agent-in-charge in Butte, where, as he tells it, his wife used to pray for a transfer. Finally he got out, after suggesting to the Director that he was "being overtrained in a small office." (Later he told Hoover that he supposed his wife had "prayed to the wrong guy" and the Director apparently enjoyed the joke.) But then Young spent nearly three years traveling as an inspector, which is believed to be something of a record for the modern Bureau, before being assigned his own office as SAC. After several years in Omaha, he was transferred to Kansas City, where his management method included a warning to agents that he did not want to be bothered with the details of most cases. Under Young, agents often seemed to get away with violating the rules because of his loose control, but he did expect them to perform certain personal services for him. Some agents, for example, were required to spend weekends transporting large rocks to his home, where he built a Japanese garden in the backyard, which was later featured in *The Investigator.*

Young behaved clumsily when Clarence M. Kelley was named FBI director while serving as chief of the Kansas City Police Department. Kelley was a former SAC himself, and thus would ordinarily have been entitled to special courtesies from the Bureau, but Young did not like him and treated him unpleasantly and sometimes abusively. At a dinner attended by Kelley shortly after his appointment, Young came right out and said during a toast that "never in my wildest dreams did I imagine" that the police chief would become his new boss. A constant thorn in Kelley's side whenever the new director returned home to Kansas City, Young was finally transferred to the Sacramento office in early 1975.

Some SACS who are not well liked or respected may become the brunt of nasty practical jokes by agents. Frank V. Hitt, for example, was especially unpopular while assigned to the Atlanta and New York offices. Agents sometimes ordered pizzas delivered to him and referred to his telephone extension at the office or his home phone many of the "nut calls," including the old reliables from people who claimed they were intercepting enemy messages through the fillings in their teeth.

The special-agents-in-charge most universally preferred and admired by the agents who worked under them in recent years were Charles Bates, Richard Held, and Roy K. Moore. (Bates served in